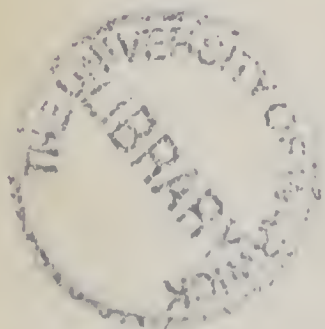


Prompt Book
Fair's One
with
Golden Locks.

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THE
FAIR ONE
WITH THE
GOLDEN LOCKS

AN ORIGINAL, GRAND, MUSICAL,
Fairy Extravaganza,
IN ONE ACT,

BY J. R. PLANCHÉ, Esq.

AUTHOR OF

Fortunio ; The White Cat ; Beauty and the Beast ; The Sleeping Beauty ;
Graciosa and Percinet ; Birds of Aristophanes ; Golden Fleece ; Invisible Prince ;
Golden Branch ; King of the Peacocks ; Cymon and Iphigenia ; Island of Jewels ;
The Queen of the Frogs ; King Charming, &c.

FOUNDED ON THE POPULAR NURSERY TALE BY THE

COUNTESS D'ANOIS,

Correctly Printed from the Prompt Book, with Exits
Entrances, &c.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre Royal Haymarket.

LONDON:

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1852.

PRICE SIXPENCE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

—0—

King Lachrymoso, (*Author of Rejected Addresses to the Fair One with the Golden Locks*)Mr. J. BLAND

Count Pleniposo, (*Minister of State and Ambassador very Extraordinary to the Fair One with the Golden Locks*)
Mr. TILBURY

Viscount Verysoso, (*Grand Chamberlain*)Mr. CAULFIELD

Graceful, (*the King's Minstrel and Favorite*)Miss P. HORTON

Mollymopsa, (*Bedchamber-woman and Housemaid of Honour to his Majesty*)Miss MATTLEY

Captain of the Guard,Mr. T. F. MATTHEWS

Queen Lucidora, (*surnamed the Fair One with the Golden Hair*)Miss JULIA BENNETT

Mantillina, (*Mistress of the Robes*)Miss C. CONNOR

Papillotina, . . (*First Lady's Maid in Waiting*) . . Miss CARRE

A Carp, (*an odd Fish completely out of water*)Miss LEE

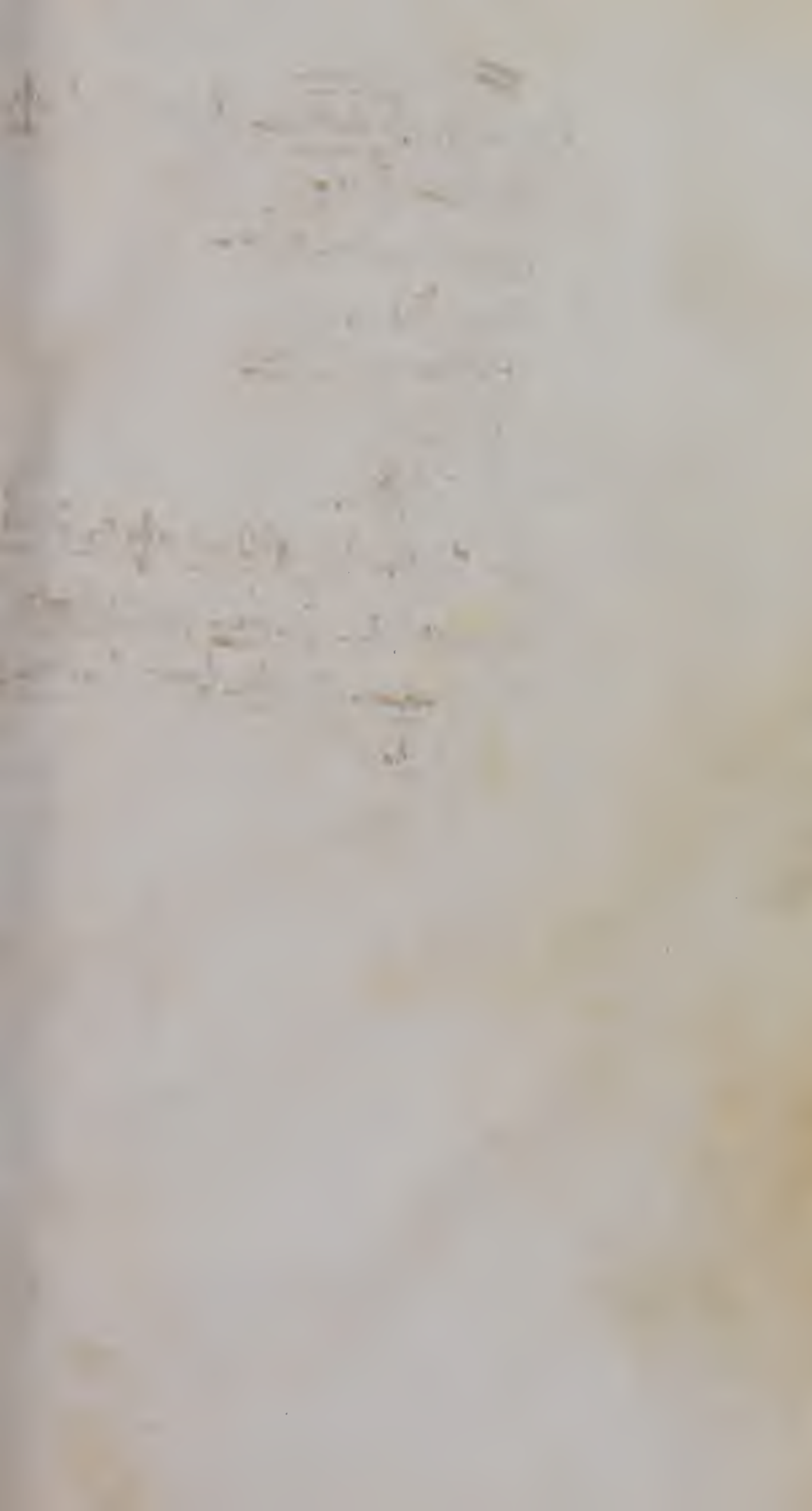
A Crow,an (*Old Acquaintance*)Mr. CLARKE

An Owl, . . (*an Illustrious Foreigner*)Mr. WIDDICOMB

Gallifron, (*a Gigantic Giant, standing nearly twelve feet, besides the two in his shoes*)Mr. X TENSIVE

Fairies, Miss LEE, Miss JONES, Miss KENDALL, &c.

The Public are respectfully informed that the little dog mentioned in the original story has been omitted for fear that the animal's attraction might render the Manager liable to the penalties of the 2nd and 3rd of Victoria. cap. 47. sec. LVI., by which it is enacted, that no person within the Districts of the Metropolitan Police shall "use any dog for the purpose of drawing or helping to draw," &c.



I.
Trice.
gands. Spears - Handkerchief
Trumpeters.

Chamberlain -

Courtiers.

Officer - Trice.

King -

Minister -

4 Pages. Handkerchiefs on Crown

graceful. Trice. Pocket book

& Pencil - Knife - bow. Trice
arrows.

#lights up. #

glimpses. 1. 2.

THE
FAIR ONE
WITH THE
GOLDEN LOCKS.

~~~~~  
SCENE 1.—THE KING'S PALACE.

Guards and Trumpeters discovered. Enter CHAMBERLAIN, and  
Courtiers through Arch. (C. from L.)

CHORUS.—(Anna Bolena.)

Silence ye trumps, the King's in the dumps,  
His project, alas, has miscarried ;  
The Ambassador sent returns as he went,  
The lady declines to be married,  
To passion fond she won't respond,  
To all his love can show—  
The Royal Fair, with Golden Hair,  
Politely answers "no!"

*Chamb.* Yes, noble friends, the news is sad as may be,  
Our mighty king is crying like a baby ;  
His nerves have had the cruelest of shocks—  
Rejected by the Fair with Golden Locks.  
He comes; prepare to show your loyal griefs,  
If not by tears, at least by handkerchiefs :  
Let every soldier draw out his Bandanna,  
And bear't before him in a decent manner

*Officer.* Draw kerchiefs ! [Soldiers do so.  
Present kerchiefs ! [They hold them to their eyes.  
Steady, there!

Eyes wet ! long faces ! smile, men, if you dare,  
Enter KING and MINISTER through C, L. and four Pages, carrying  
pocket handkerchiefs.

*Officer.* Recover kerchiefs !  
[Soldiers return handkerchiefs to their pockets.

*King,* Refuse my hand : It passes all belief.  
Give me another pocket handkerchief.

*Minis.* Sire, something still more wond'rous did she do ;  
She actually refused your presents, too. [Page supplies him.

*King.* What, all my presents!—all my pretty things!  
The diamond necklace and the turquoise rings!  
The ermine tippet, and the Cashmere shawl!  
Did you say all? Howell and James! what all?  
She can't be woman!

*Minis.* Bear it like a man.

*King.* I

Would do so, but if I can't how can I?  
I cannot but remember such things cost  
A precious lump of money—and that's lost.

*Minis.* This should to anger, sir, convert your grief,

*King.* Give me another pocket handkerchief.

[*Page supplies him.*]

*Minis.* For I must play the woman with mine eyes—  
Sir, it will much your Majesty surprise  
To hear who plays the braggart with his tongue.

*King.* Hah! Who?

*Minis.* Your minstrel.

*King.* Graceful?

*Minis.* Yes, the young

Gentleman hints, that had he been sent to plead  
Your cause he should have won the fair.

*King.* Indeed!

By which he means to say, that he's so clever  
And so insinuating she could never  
Have had the heart to say him, nay—is't so?

*Minis.* 'Tis very like it, sire.

*King.* The Puppy! Go! [*Cross to L.*]

Bid him attend us instantly. [*Exit Officer and guards.*]

I'll make

*Chamb.* The ballad-monger in his shoes to shake,  
Bravo! I owed the coxcomb an old spite.

*Minis.* Twenty to one against the favorite.

*King.* The knave, too long in the King's favour basking,  
Now fancies he could have a Queen for asking.  
The piping goldfinch!—he expect to win her?  
I'm so enraged that I could eat my dinner,  
If it were ready. Squibs and crackers! where  
Tarries this tuneful traitor?

Enter GRACEFUL, guarded L. 1 E.

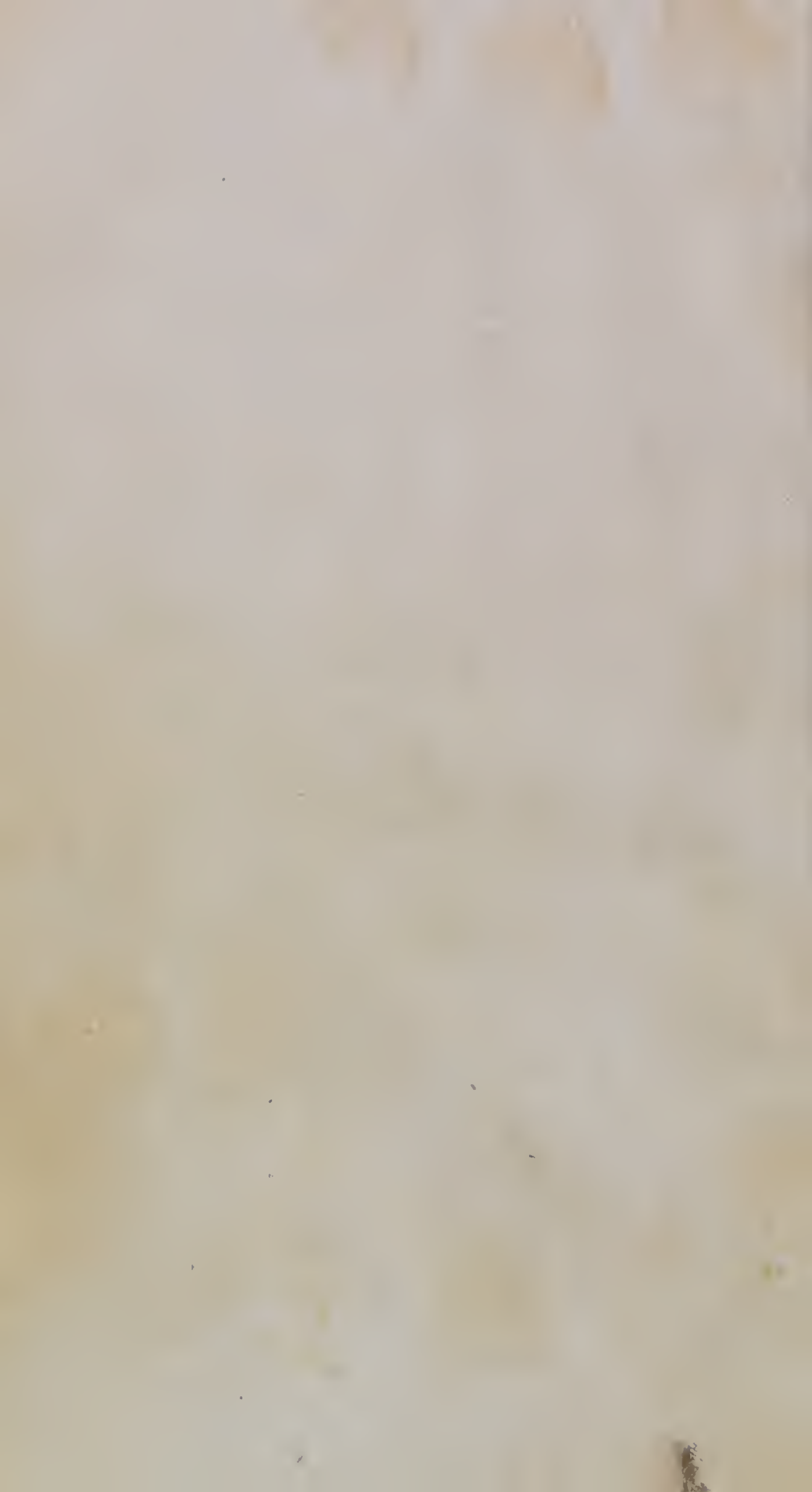
Ho, you're there!

DUETT.—KING and GRACEFUL. "Fanny' Gray."

*King.*

Well, well, sir, so you've come at last, you might have come  
before,







D'ye know, sir, I've the greatest mind to turn you out of door ;  
 I understand you've dared to say, had you come for to go,  
 To court the Fair with Golden Hair, she ne'er had answer'd "No!"

Graceful.

Most Royal sir, put off that frown, and don't begin to scold,  
 The Ambassador you sent to her was ugly, cross and old,  
 I only said I knew a way the fair one's heart to catch,  
 And make her glow like tinder at the thoughts of such a match.

King.

You think 'tis but to make your bow, with grace take off  
 your hat,  
 And she must straight enchanted be—but sir, I smell a rat,  
 You would yourself make love to her—you see I'm up to snuff,  
 And marry her if she'd have you, I'm told you're rogue enough.

Graceful.

Most Royal sir, you've in your temper got a pain, I see,  
 You jealous !—and of such a little humble lad as me ;  
 Make love to her, of course I would—as proxy for my King,  
 And marry her—by proxy, too—

King.

By proxy—hah ! that's quite another thing.

*King.* This puts the matter in another light.

*Grace.* I knew your Majesty would do me right,  
 It may be nothing but a boyish dream ;  
 But I should make your merits, sir, the theme,  
 Which I may say, without the least presumption,  
 Require but to be known.

*King.* The boy has gumption.  
 [to Minis.] You did'nt set my merits forth, I fear.

*Minis.* Pardon me, sire.

*King.* But not enough, that's clear.

*Minis.* Indeed, I took the liberty to mention  
 All I could think of.

*King.* Have you no invention ?

*Grace.* Sire, it requires but memory in your case.

*King.* [aside.] Really the boy said that, now, with a grace ;  
 I've a great mind to let the youngster go  
 And try his luck. [Aloud.] Well, my young friend,  
 and so

You positively think you should succeed ?

*Grace.* Upon my honor, sir, I do indeed.

*King.* But you'd want fitting out, too, I presume,  
 And I've been forking out, and to some tune.



*Grace.* Not I; just as you see me I would speed hence;  
I only ask your letters, sir, of credence.

*King.* Good Graceful, you shall have them in a crack.

*Grace.* Then, for a pound, I'll bring the lady back.

SONG.—GRACEFUL. “The four-leaved Shamrock.”

I'll call a four-wheel'd cab, sir,  
And tip the man a crown;  
And at the fair one's palace gate  
Just bid him set me down.  
I'll not attempt to charm her sight  
With diamond, pearl or gold,  
But praise your person, worth and sense  
While I a note can hold.  
Yes, thus I'll play and chaunt my part,  
And so your trumpet sound;  
That though she have a marble heart,  
I'll melt it, for a pound.

I pledge my word of honor  
To chase your fond alarms;  
Like Grisi in the “Pari,”  
She shall leap into your arms;  
And howsoe'er it may seem strange,  
And some may think me bold;  
The *fair* my cab brings back shall be  
The one with locks of gold.  
For I will play and chaunt my part,  
And so your trumpet sound;  
That though she have a marble heart,  
I'll melt it for a pound.

During this song the King sends off one of the Pages, who  
returns with writing materials, the King writes, using  
the Chamberlain's back for a table.

*King.* Take your credentials, and with them take heed,  
I'll make a Count of you if you succeed;  
But if you fail, I swear by my veracity.  
I'll make you then account for your audacity.

### GRAND SCENA.

On the most approved principle of modern operatic composition

Recitative—King.

Go boy, and that in safety you may wend,  
A patent safety cab, I recommend.

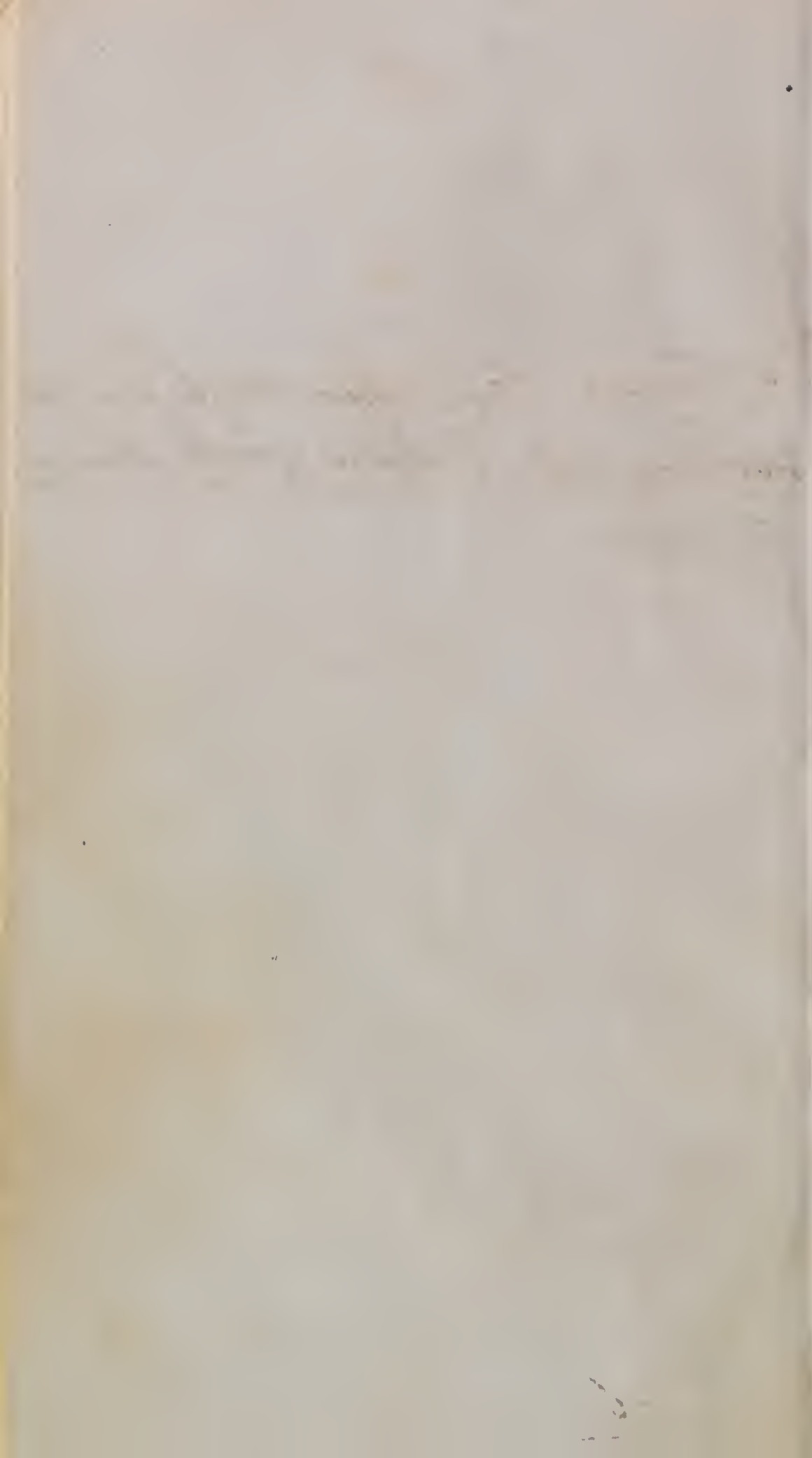
2.

Carp.

Crow.

Owl.

Noting 2 Pages who visit, an  
return with Portfolio & Sub-stance  
to King.



Graceful.

To me your counsels ever are commands—  
I fly—

[Exit Graceful. *L. 17*]

King.

Away—Joy go with you and sixpence!

Andante.—"Sun of Freedom," Norma.

King.

Lucidora! so long invited,  
Shall we never, never here behold thee dining  
Thy adorer's desert still slighted,  
Must be ever o'er his lonely wine be whining.

Chamberlain and Chorus.—Sotto Voce.

With Master Graceful awhile dissemble,  
But anon the rogue shall tremble.

King.

Still must grief be my heart devouring,  
Thou, to gall my pride essaying;  
My sweet temper, refusal souring,  
As the thunder, as the thunder sours the beer.

Agitato.

But no, Hope takes a sight at Fear,  
And laughs to scorn the Wizard—  
Graceful, I feel, will stick at nought,  
And nothing but a merry thought,  
Shall now stick in my gizzard.

Con Spirito.—"The Minstrel Boy."

My Minstrel Boy for a cab is gone,  
In the ranks no doubt he'll find one;  
A Patent Safety I like, I own,  
Where the driver sits behind one.  
But be the cab of any sort,  
So to the fair it conveys him—  
And if but here he makes her appear,  
To the peerage we will raise him.

"Allegro.—"British Grenadiers."

So talk no more of sorrow,  
And think no more of care;  
We'll hope to see to-morrow  
The Fair with Golden Hair.  
To wed King Lachrymoso,  
And dry the loyal tears—

*Attuned to Carving for Crows*

With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, row,  
Of his gallant Halberdiers.

(W.)

Chorus.

So talk no more, &c.

[Exeunt omnes.]

SCENE II.—A BEAUTIFUL MEADOW.

With a Stream flowing through it over which hangs a tree.

Enter GRACEFUL, E. L.

Grace. Provoking! scarcely out of sight of town,  
My Patent Safety Cab has broken down;  
D'ye call that *Hansom*? I don't, I must say.  
There's nothing for it but walk all the way!  
There's a short cut across these fields, I'm told,  
And so at once to take it I'll make bold,  
But stay—to grace my opening speech when there,  
A brilliant thought has struck, I declare!  
I'll sit me down beside this running brook,  
And note it in my Punch's pocket-book. D

[Sits down on a bank, R. U. E., takes out pocket book and writes, A large Carp leaps out of the stream and falls on the grass.]

Bless me, what's that? A carp, as I'm alive!  
And what a fine one—big as any five!  
It can't jump back again; what will it do?  
I never saw a carp in such a stew!  
Poor thing! If left there, soon 'twill gasp its last;  
Thrown out, like me, it needs a friendly cast  
Upon its journey. Come, my friend, I'm sure  
You won't object to the cold water cure.  
So here you go—one, two, three and away.

✱

Throws the fish into the water, it sinks but rises instantly and says—

Carp. Thankye! I'll do as much for you, some day.

[Disappears.]

Grace. It spoke! a talking fish! To such a wonder  
The singing mouse must instantly knock under.  
And such good language, to! At any rate,  
That fish has never been to Billingsgate.

✱

+ [A Crow heard without.]

Heyday! an eagle chasing a poor crow;  
The great oppress the little!—where's my bow

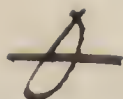


○ A Large Carp leaps out of the  
stream. It falls on the grass.

✱ Graceful throws the Fish into  
the water, it sinks but rises  
instantly.  
++ Crow heard.

\* Crow flies across from  
L to R. Pursued by an Eagle  
graceful flies at Eagle  
it falls dead.

\* Whoop of an owl



*Music. Fits an arrow to his bow. The Crow flies across from L. to R., pursued by an Eagle. He aims and fires at the Eagle, it falls dead.*

There, my-poor bird, from danger you are freed.

Crow. I'm berry much obliged to you indeed.

Grace. Mercy upon us! here's a talking bird!

Crow. Ees, Graceful

Grace. Graceful!—then my name you've heard.

Crow. Who hasn't heard your name him like to know.

Grace. What a particularly civil crow.

Crow. And you know mine.

Grace. Indeed! What is it?

Crow. Jim.

Grace. Jim Crow! Oh yes, I've often heard of him,

### SONG.

Back to Virginia

Him wished for to go,

When great eagle follow him,

And say "Oho!

Turn about, and wheel about,

And do just so!"

Ebery time he turn about

He hunt Jim Crow!

Up come Massa Graceful,

Wid him little bow,

Kill him ugly Eagle,

Save him pretty Crow!

One good turn deserb

Anoder. you know,

So wheel about, and turn about,

And trust Jim Crow!

[Exit CROW.]

Σ

Grace My act was scarcely worth so much applause;

It was the *cause*, my soul;—it was the *cause*!

When great strong birds would pluck the weak and small,

They feather the just dart that bids them fall.

So "on we goes again"

[Going, R.]

[The whoop of an owl is heard without.]

What means that cry?

✱

Some other helpless bird in jeopardy!

Aye?

[Goes to wing, L and drags forward part of a net,

Here's a net spread to catch heedless fowl,

And in its meshes a poor purblind owl.

[Owl appears in net at wing, L. 2 E.]

Owl. Och hone! och hone! and sure you may say that,  
For I'm as blind by day as any bat.

Grace. ~~In Irish owl! no wonder at the noise!~~

~~And one, too, who the power of speech enjoys!~~  
But, after all that I've heard talk and sing,  
A chattering owl is no such wondrous thing.

Owl. Och winisthru! what shall I do—o—o—o—o?

Grace. Why, don't make such a horrid hubboo,  
And I will cut the net, and let you fly. [Cuts net.]  
There, now, come out of that entirely.

Owl. [coming out.] St Patrick's blessing on you, for that same,  
Good Master Graceful.

Grace. You, too, know my name!

Owl. Och sure, I'd know your voice, sir, any day;  
Haven't I often heard it at the play?

Grace. You at the play—why what could you there call?

Owl. Der Freyschutz. I'm the ould original.

DUET.—GRACEFUL and OWL.

(Der Freyschutz.)

GRACEFUL.

How! indeed, are you then he,  
Whose great eyes I used to see?  
Sir, I beg your pardon,  
All my wonder now is o'er;  
Oft, of course, we've met before,  
When at Covent Garden.

But where have you been, you rogue?  
For now you have got a brogne;  
Or my senses err, man.

OWL.

Faith and truth, I can't well say,  
But think I caught it, sir, one day,  
From my cousin German.

Owl. But, sir, without any more botheration,  
You've laid me under a great obligation;  
And if, sir, to return it I don't haste,  
I'll give you leave to say, "that bird's a beast."

INCANTATION. (Der Freyschutz.)

Graceful.

On your aid I may rely?

Owl.

U—hu—i! U—hu—i!

2.

Incidora -

Attendants -

Capillatina - Trice.





Graceful.

How pathetic that reply !

Owl.

U—hu—i! U—hu—i!

Graceful.

Me, he says, he will protect.

Owl.

U—hu—i! U—hu—i!

Graceful.

Or words, at least, to that effect.

Owl.

U—hu—i!—U—hu—i!

Graceful.Would that many songs we hear  
Had a meaning half as clear.Owl.

U—hu—i! U—hu—i!

[Exit Owl]

R

Grace.

Apropos, of songs, I've not yet thought  
On that by which the Fair One's to be caught.  
Oh, anything will do, that's very tender ;  
I know one has made many a fair maid surrender.  
Yet once to love a man, let her determine,  
Woman's the same, in rags or royal ermine.

AIR,—GRACEFUL."I dreamed that I dwelt in Marble Halls."(Bohemian Girl.)

There are ladies who dwell in marble halls  
And in their gilt coaches who ride ;  
And women who stomp it in pattens and shawls,  
Or get, of a donkey outside.  
But let them sell apples or rule the roast  
In a palace that I could name,  
I fancy between you and me, and the post  
When in love they are all much the same. [Exit, GRACEFUL.]

W.

SCENE III.

PAVILION IN THE GARDENS OF THE PALACE  
OF THE FAIR ONE WITH THE GOLDEN  
LOCKS.

Enter LUCIDORA, attended, R. I E.SONG.—LUCIDORA. "Nora Creina."

Lucidora, is my name,  
And Golden Locks my designation,

by 8 Ladies  
Chorus

Where I like's my dwelling-place,  
 And what I please my occupation.  
 King and Prince, and Duke and Earl,  
 Beg to pay me their addresses;  
 But I only smile and curl  
 With their notes my golden tresses.  
 Oh! my golden tresses rare—  
 My lovely, charming, golden tresses!  
 Truefitt, tries, with many dyes,  
 But can't match thine, my golden tresses.

Some of raven ringlets rave,  
 Some rejoice in brown or flaxen,  
 Some think best their head to shave,  
 And sport a fancy-coloured Caxon.  
 I know one who had a pole,  
 Grey as I have seen a parrot's;  
 Bought a wash, the envious soul,  
 And grew a crop of downright carrrots.  
 Oh! my golden tresses rare—  
 My lovely, charming, golden tresses!  
 Truefitt sighs, and vainly tries  
 To match thy hue, my golden tresses.  
 Now to my toilet. Nymphs, you know your places.  
 Prepare to sacrifice unto the Graces.

Enter PAPILLOTINA, (L. 1. E.)

*Pap.* May it please your Majesty—  
*Luci.* I hope it may.  
*Pap.* There is a youth without—  
*Luci.* Without what, pray?

*Pap.* Without the door.  
*Luci.* Well, let him keep without;  
 What buisness has he with it or about it;  
*Pap.* He prays an audience in his master's name,  
 King Lachrymoso.

*Luci.* Why, sure, that's the same  
 Who sent to me a day or two ago;  
 Good gracious me! I told the creature "No!"  
 Can't he be satisfied—or just go frantic—  
 Or kill himself—or anything romantic!  
*Pap.* But this Ambassador—

*Luci.* Back let him roam,  
 I'm dressing—I'm engag'd—I'm not at home.

[Crosses to R. and back]

*Pap.* Madam, if you'll permit me to advise,  
 You'll see this gentleman—he's got such eyes.

4

graceful - act.





And such a shape ! and though not tall in stature,  
 Graceful, by name ; he's graceful, too, by nature.  
*Luci.* Heyday ! the fellow's cast some spell upon her,  
 Pray is this language for a maid-of-honour ?  
 I'm quite ashamed of you, I do declare,  
 "Such eyes !" Indeed ! I wonder how you dare  
 Talk of a young man's eyes !—a girl like you.  
 I'll see this person ; if your tale be true,  
 He is a dangerous fellow, and must be  
 Looked after—

*Pap.* [*aside*] By the women, certainly.

*Luci.* Go tell the porter to admit the dandy.

*Pap.* I fly !

*Luci.* And now, my handmaidens, be handy !

Dust down my throne, polish my ivory chair,  
 Weave me, of flowers, a chaplet fresh and fair,  
 Bring me my bracelets and my chatelaine,  
 My kerchief scent with bouquet de la Reine,  
 My regal mantle o'er my shoulders throw,  
 And comb my precious hair out—comme il faut.

[*Exi' L.*]

### AIR AND CHORUS.

"Com'e gentil."—Don Pasquale.

Comb it genteelly,  
 And let it flow so freely.  
 I'd fain look well,  
 Since he sends a swell.  
 My shoulders o'er,  
 Falling a yard or more,  
 He'll matchless swear,  
 The Fair with the Golden Hair.  
 And softly o'er us,  
 The while we parley ;  
 O, sing the chorus,  
 From "Don Pasquale."  
 That music's spell,  
 May charm his ears as well ;  
 And he, and he,  
 Enchanted, quite, may be.

Chorus.

To tambour and guitar, sing,  
 While they parley ;  
 The Serenade, so sweet, from  
 "Don Pasquale."

Enter GRACEFUL and PAPILLOTINA.

Graceful.

Most royal fair—

[*Aside*] I never saw such hair—

[*Aloud*] I come to tell—

[*Aside*] Such speaking eyes, as well—

[*Aloud*] Your throne, before,  
Kneeling, I do implore—

[*Aside*] She's fair as day!

I scarce know what I say!

Each look is fuel,

Added to my fire;

O, fortune, cruel,

With love, I shall expire.

Chorus.

To tambour and guitar, &c.

*Luci.* [*aside*] I've hit him hard!

*Grace.* [*aside*] I never saw such beauty,  
But, Graceful, be a man and do your duty.

*Luci.* When you can speak we'll hear what you've to say.

*Grace.* Madam, my forte is singing.

*Luci.* Sing away.

*Grace.* She's proud and cold, as she is fair and nice!

Perhaps this is but artificial ice!

I'll break it, by an effort energetic;

I'll sing her something cruelly pathetic.

SONG.—GRACEFUL. "Lucy Long."

I pray, fair Queen, be silent,

And I'll sing you a little song

It's all about a mighty king,

Who's loved you, lady, long.

So, take your time, Queen Luci-

dora; only mind my song.

You're the darling of this monarch,

So don't make him wait too long.

He is a perfect figure

As ever you did see;

He's handsomer and bigger

A great deal ma'am than me.

But take your time Queen Luci-

dora; only mind my song.

Your the darling, &c.



5-

Carp. Prig-

Galifron - Ma-

Gron-

You said you wouldn't marry,  
 When he asked you t'other day ;  
 You said you'd rather tarry,  
 And he'll let you have your way.  
 So take your time Queen Lucidora ; only mind my song.  
 Yon're the darling of this monarch,  
 So don't make him wait too long.

*Luci.* [*Aside.*] He's a pretty fellow, I confess ;  
 Sir, I receive with pleasure this address,  
 But to its prayer I cannot yet accede :  
 I've made a vow no mortal suit to heed,  
 Until three things are done which I desire.

*Grace.* Oh, do but tell me, ma'am, what you require

*Luci.* Walking upon the river-side last spring  
 In taking off my glove I dropp'd my ring  
 Into the stream ; which if you'll kindly fish for,  
 And bring me back, is the first thing I wish for

*Grace.* [*aside*] A pleasant first !

*Luci.* The second's quite a trifle.

There is a giant who has dared to rifle,  
 And kill and eat some hundreds of my people ;  
 He is almost as tall as a church steeple,  
 And has the monstrous impudence to say,  
 Unless I wed him, he'll eat me some day.  
 Now, all I ask you in the second place,  
 Is to cut off his head.

*Grace.* [*Aside.*] And she's the face  
 To call that quite a trifle ! Ma'am, I've heard  
 Your two first small requests ; pray what's the third ?

*Luci.* The third is rather difficult, I fear.  
 Not far from hence there is a cavern drear,  
 In which all sorts of dreadful monsters dwell !  
 But deep within it is a crystal well,  
 Of which the water has the virtue rare,  
 To make one live for ever young and fair.  
 Now bring me of this eau de-vie a bottle.  
 Find me my ring, and cut the giant's throttle ;  
 And in return for such polite attention,  
 I'll marry any gentleman you'll mention.

DUO—GRACEFUL AND FAIR ONE.

"Ama tua madre." Lucrezia Borgia.

Graceful.

Madam, with all humility  
 I must beg leave to mention  
 There's little probability;



Of such a condescension.  
 You ne'er are like to wed—if all,  
 This must be done before ;  
 But I will go the whole animal,  
 Let it be e'er such a bore !  
 Let it be ever so dreadful a bore.

Fair One.

Really this great civility,  
 From such a total stranger—  
 Doubtless with such ability,  
 You will surmount each danger.  
 I've vow'd I ne'er will wed if all,  
 This be not done before ;  
 So you must go the whole animal  
 Or never come here any more,  
 Or never, never come here any more.

(Exit Grace L. Luci and train R)

Scene IV.—A Rum-Antic Dell.

The Mouth of a Cavern. R. U. E. A Large Hollow Tree, L.  
Between them a Torrent.

Enter GRACEFUL, L.

Grace. "In these sad solitudes and awful cells,  
 Where heavenly pensive contemplation dwells,  
 And ever musing melancholy reigns,"  
 I come to cudgel my unhappy brains!  
 To use a phrase of Mr. Samuel Slick's—  
 I'm in a most tarnation ugly fix !  
 If I don't win the Fair One, in his fury  
 The King will hang me, without judge and jury.  
 And if I try to win her, as she wishes,  
 My mildest fate will be to feed the fishes !  
 Fancy me, looking for a lady's ring,  
 Dropped in the river one fine day last spring :  
 To fobb me off this is a mere pretence,  
 And ring-dropping's a criminal offence !  
 Fate has determined all my hopes to dish ! [Ging.

 Voice.

Grace. [turning]

Carp.

Ah ! who calls ?

A grateful fish

Grace.

[The CARP rises fr. m the water, with a ring in its mouth.]

Carp.

My friend the carp ! and in its mouth I see  
 A golden ring !—yes—no—it cannot be !

Grace.

It can—it is the one you're sent to find

Carp.

Was ever anything so very kind ?

Take it. You threw me back into the brook,  
 When others would have helped me with a hook !

6-

one.

Incidentals. act

Attendants.

~~Q~~ Lights  $\frac{1}{2}$  Dawn.

Grant ~~1871~~

To help you in return I've hastened gaily—  
 Although a fish, my conduct ne'er was scaly.  
 Farewell, we're quits. I hope, and all my fry do,  
 That you'll go on as swimmingly as I do.

[Disappears.]

*Grace.* I'm so o'erjoyed, I scarce know what I'm at!  
 Who'll call a fish cold-blooded after that?  
 How wrong it was in me to carp at fate.  
 Here's the first task perform'd, at any rate!  
 And "well begun's half ended," runs the saying.  
 But the next job on hand is jiant slaying!  
~~In that no carp can help me, for alack!~~  
~~To kill a giant it should be a Jack.~~  
 At the bare thought I tremble, for I've read  
 That giants grind one's bones to make their bread.  
 Well, if on me he tries such bakers' tricks,  
 The only way, s to stick to him like bricks!  
 This way, they tell me, he is sure to come,  
 I think I hear him now cry—

*Gallifron, the Giant.* [without] Foe!—fo!—fum!

Enter GALLIFRON, (R.)

*Grace.* Oh, murder! here he is!

*Galli.* Who's that, below?

*Grace.* [aside] its no use flinching (Aloud)—One, if  
 you must know,  
 Who's sent to fetch your head.

*Galli.* A strange direction!  
 When you can reach it, I have no objection.

*Grace.* Come on!

*Galli.* Come up!—I'll make short work with you!

[Makes a blow at GRACE. with his mace. X

*Grace.* [avoiding it] Hit one of your size, you coward, do.

[Music. The CROW appears in the tree, (L.)

*Crow.* Hit Massa Graceful! Den me do just so.

*Galli.* Oh, oh, oh!

He's picked my eyes out! the vile caron crow.

[Music. Strikes about blindly. GRACE hacks  
 his legs, till he falls, when GRACE, cuts off his  
 head and places it (R.)

*Grace.* I'm conquerer; yet still with fear I shudder

*Crow.* Me tell you one good tern deserb anoder.

*Grace.* By Jove, you came just in the nick, old fellow!

And I may say of you, as of Othello—

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,

My friend Jim Crow is far more fair than black.

*Crow.* Me tink we both now may crow ober him,

Ta, ta!

[Disappears.]



Grace.

Farewell, my old acquaintance Jim.  
That honest crow's an honour to his state,  
He pays his debts and dont repudiate  
There's number *two* ; but now for number three.  
Where shall I find this wondrous eau de-vie ?  
The Fair One vowed 'twas in a cavern drear  
Not far from hence—I rather think 'tis here,

*[Music. Approaches cavern ; serpents and Monsters of different descriptions shew themselves ; he retreats, alarmed.]*

Oh, lud, yes, that's the cave without a doubt.  
By all those horrid monsters rushing out.  
That Black-gang chine alarms me, I must own,  
If there's the well—I'll just let well alone.  
But then I lose the lady, and that's ill !  
Is there no Bottle Imp, who mine will fill ?

*[Music. The OWL appears in the hollow of the tree.]*

Owl

May be an owl could manage that to do ;  
If you've forgotten me, I haven't you.

Grace.

Forgotten thee ! While memory holds a seat  
In this distempered brain—

Owl.

There, don't complete  
The passage ; I'm contint, and faith I'll fill  
Your whisky bottle from that private still.

*[Music. GRACE hangs the bottle round the OWL's neck ; he flies into the cavern.]*

Grace.

Kind bird, I hope no mischief will befall him.  
Should some terrific monster meet and maul him—  
~~But no, my heart with hope is gaily beating,~~  
~~I wish could not mind a monster meeting.~~  
And all has gone so well with me as yet—

*[Music. The OWL returns with bottle filled.]*

Owl.

There, sir, you feed me from the fowler's net—  
There's the net profit of your kind behaviour.

Grace.

You've struck a balance greatly in my favour.  
Who comes this way ? The Fair with her train !

*[Music. Enter LUCIDORA and train. (L.) ring—]*

Luci.

Can this be possible ? the Giant slain !

Grace.

Yes, madam, there's his head—and there's your  
And here's the water from the magic spring.

Luci.

I'm thunderstruck ! our confidence has lost us !  
Are you the devil, sir, or Dr. Faustus ?

Grace.

Neither, sweet saint, if either thee displease.

Luci.

Nonsense ! you cou'dn't do such things with ease,  
If you were a mere mortal—and alone.

Grace.

The only charms I know of were your own ;  
They have more power than Imp, or Fairy Elf.

Luci.

*[aside]* I vow, I'm quite in love with him myself.



7

King - Dandelion - Act Conscience

Chamberlain - Three

Minister -

Courtiers - Three

Mollinopsa - } Act - neck of Magic

Bottle

Serpents

Appear And

# Attend to Shouts  
And Flourish L. #

*Grace.* And now I claim thee for my royal master.

*Luci.* [*aside*] O, fatal promise! Unforeseen disaster,  
[*Aloud*] My word's my bond, sir I admit your claim—  
But is there no one else that you could name.

*Grace.* The service and the loyalty I owe,  
Compels me, gracious queen, to answer "no."

GLEE.—GRACEFUL, FAIR ONE AND CHORUS.

"The Chough and Crow."

Graceful. [*Aside*]

The carp and crow away have gone,  
The owl sits in yon tree;  
And I might sit upon a throne,  
If I'd no probity.

Her wildfire glances scorch my heart,  
But honour whispers "nay"

[*Aloud*] Come 'rouse you ma'am, 'tis time to start  
If we'd get home to-day.

Fair One. [*Aside.*]

Alas! that I my word must keep,  
Of youths he is the flower;  
And I in love have tumbled deep,  
I, who defied love's power.  
Bewildered quite, I hence depart,  
Nor caring where I stray;  
But something tells my tortured heart,  
There'll be the deuce to pay.

Giant's Head. "*Voce di teste.*"

Nor legs nor body own I now,  
I'm cut off in my prime!  
And I'll be bound that boy will vow,  
He thinks it no great crime!  
My bones must in this gloomy glen,  
Now whiten day by day;  
A warning to tall gentlemen,  
Who choose to walk this way.

Chorus.

Come, come, look smart. Look very, very smart,  
'Tis time we were away;  
Run, run, what fun, to morrow's sun,  
Will see her wedding day.

[*Exeunt Omnes, L. 1 E* *The Head descends trap.*]

### Scene V.—The King's Palace as Before.

Enter KING through Arch, c.

*King.* To be, or not to be? that is the question,  
Which long ere this he's popped for her digestion.

W.

Tell me, thou little oracle of love,

[*Producing a Dandelion.*]

Tell me, if she I prize the world above,  
From fortune's wheel, to my blest lot will fall.  
She loves me [*blows*] just a little [*blows*] not at all!  
That's awkward am I doomed to live and linger?  
Come what, come may! I'll ask my little finger,  
Oh, lit-tle finger, mind you tell me true,  
Will my fair one, by Graceful, be brought to?  
Yes—no—yes—no—yes! oh, supreme delight!  
I feel my little finger's in the right.

~~⊙~~ [*Shouts and flourish without, L.*]

Hark to those shouts! those trumpets! and those drums!

Enter CHAMBERLAIN and MINISTER, L. 1 E.

She comes, my Lucidora! say she comes,

Minis. She does, my liege!

King. I knew she could not fail,  
"Talk of the"—hem, the proverb's coarse and stale!

Minis. [*half aside*] I hope 'tis not prophetic,

King. Eh! you spoke.

Minis. Nothing, my liege—or if—I did but joke.

King. Joke. take care how you joke in such a case,  
Or, like your joke, you may be out of place.

Enter courtiers, L. 1 E. and cross to R. after which GRACEFUL, leading LUCIDORA, and followed by her suite.

Grace. Great King, the lady of your love behold,  
She's yours, the Fair One, with the Locks of Gold.

Chamb. [*Aside.*]

For locks, read lots and I shou'd like it better.

King. Oh, Graceful I shall ever be your debtor,  
Madam, I'm dazzled by your beauty bright;  
One eye is Bude's, the other Boccio's light!  
Permit me, madam [*kisses her*] Oh, conserve of roses,  
What lips and there's a nose, to put all noses  
For ever out of joint! and oh, that hair!  
Made of light gold!

Minis. As our last sovereigns were.

King. But wherefore silent stands my dearest deary?

Luci. My journey, sir, has made me faint and weary.

King. Walk in—sit down—bed-chamber woman, ho—

Enter MOLLIMOPSA through Arch, R

Your mistress to her own apartments show.  
Ring when you're ready for the cold collation,  
To-morrow, sweet, shall see your coronation.

♫ Shouts & Flourish L.





*Luci.* E'en when you please, since you will have it so,  
Dear Graceful, take care of the bottle though.

[*Exeunt MOLLI. first the suite follow, and Courtiers, through Arch, R.*]

*King.* Bottle! what bottle?

*Grace.* Sir, to speak the truth,  
'Tis an elixir, which eternal youth  
And beauty to the drinker gives.

*King.* The deuce!

*Grace-* 'Tis for her Majesty's especial use.  
But, notwithstanding, it was so declared  
To stop it, at the Custom House, they've dared.

*King.* A drink, to give eternal youth and beauty?  
What sum could pay the *ad valorem* duty?  
Tell them to pass the bottle, and not tap it;  
I know their customs, rogues! but they shall nap it.

[*Exeunt Graceful, L.*]

*Minis.* I'll ask the Queen if she's a drop to spare one;  
*King.* My Royal Lord. [*Cross to (R.)*]

*Minis.* Well.

*Minis.* When you wed the Fair One,  
Will Graceful stay at Court?

*King.* Of course you flat!

*Minis.* Indeed!

*King.* Indeed! zounds, what d'ye mean by that!  
Is he not honest?

*Minis.* Honest!

*King.* Aye!

*Minis.* Don't know.

*King.* But what d'ye think?

*Minis.* Think!

*King.* Here's a precious go.

Repeat my words again, I'll knock you down;  
Tell me your thoughts, sir!

*Minis.* Not for half a crown!

*King.* Ha! there's some screw loose then—why dash my wig.

*Minis.* Beware, my lord, of jealousy!

*King.* I twig.

*Minis.* Mind, I say nothing, sir, I only hint,  
Look to your wife—if she at Graceful squint.  
Just mind your eye—you heard her call him "dear"

*King.* And so she did!

*Minis.* I own I thought that queer.

But I'm too bold—

*King.* I hope she's not been bolder:

If so, I'll make the house too hot to hold her.

*Minis.* And Graceful?

*King.* Seize and drag him to a prison.

I'll teach the rogue to prig what isn't his'n! [*Cross L.*]

Harkye, you've seen, if you have any eyes,  
Upon my table stuff to kill the flies.

Minis.

The German fly water?

King.

Exactly so

When he's in prison, with that bottle go,  
Give him a dose of it upon the sly,

Minis.

That will be murder—

King

Never mind—

Minis.

Not I.

My friend is dead! 'tis done at your request.  
But let her live.

King.

Perhaps that would be best.

Minis.

He comes.

*O Vengeance!*  
Enter GRACEFUL.

King.

My Guards.

[Enter Guards, c. l. Chamberlain, Courtiers, Mollimopsa  
Lucidora, and suite C. R.]

Minis.

[Aside.] O, vengeance!

[Exit R.]

Chamb.

What's the row?

Grace.

[To FAIR ONE.] I've cleared the bottle.

King.

Clear yourself then.

Grace.

How?

King.

To prison with him, since he can't reply,  
What have I done?

Grace.

King.

What can that signify?

Luci.

Hence with him—stay—give me that bottle first.

King.

What is he guilty of? I'll know the worst.

You take uncommon interest in his fate!

Perhaps you love him?

Luci.

Much as you I hate.

~~Graceful~~

O, rash confession.

Luci.

You're a tyrant!—he,

The very nicest young man that can be!

[cross to c.]

TRIO.—LUCIDORA, GRACEFUL and KING.

Acis and Galatea.

Lucidora.

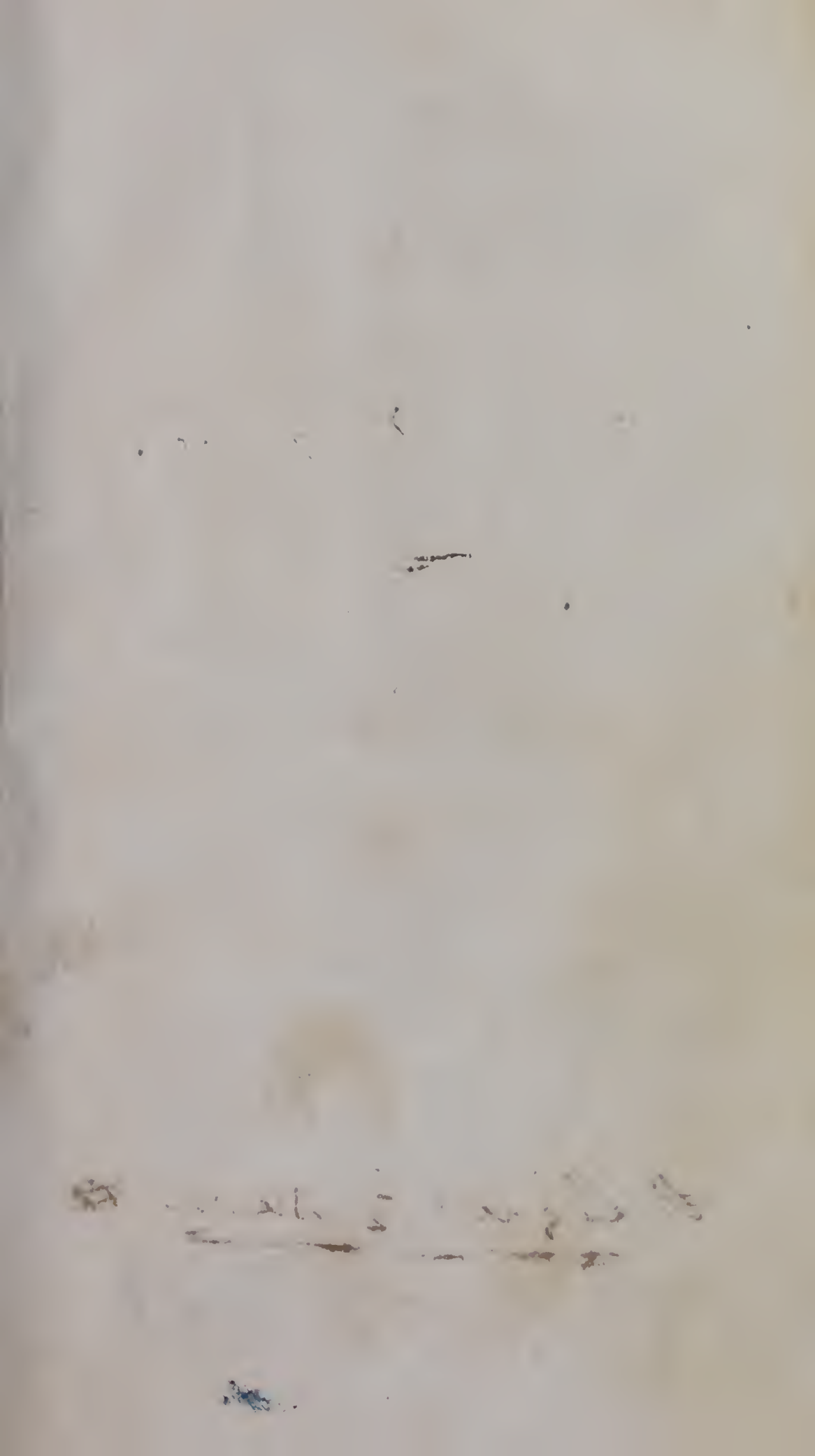
North Wales shall have no mountains,  
Lord Mayors from turtle fly,  
And London boast its fountains,  
Ere I my love deny.

Graceful.

North Wales shall have no mountains,  
Lord Mayors from turtle fly,  
And London boast its fountains,  
Ere I my king defy.

King.

Nonsense!—Humbug!—Rage!—Despair



J.

guards.

attendants.

Chamberlain Act.

officer.

Coutiers - Bottle.

Minister.

Fairies - Wands.

A Lights  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour ~~\*\*\*~~



You make me savage as a bear,  
Fly, thou glassy weapon—fly! [*threatens to fling bottle*]  
Die! Presumptuous Gracefu', die!

*Guards drag Graceful off L. Lucidora is carried off fainting c. meanwhile Chamberlain and Molli prevent the King from flinging the bottle, which at last they wrest from him and Mollimopsa runs out with it.*

*King.* She owns she loves him—I shall choke with rage;  
To a great King, prefer a paltry page.  
Haply, for I take snuff—she thinks me dirty;  
Or, for I'm on the shady side of thirty.  
But that's not much, I'm only thirty-four.  
Hah! the elixir, that can youth restore!  
One draught will make me quite a boy again,  
And my face handsome, were it even plain.  
She's placed it in her dressing-room no doubt;  
Suppose I just steal in when she comes out.  
But then suppose she hasn't drawn the cork,  
Well, can't I get a corkscrew or a fork?  
As if to broach a pint of Hudson's pale,  
This deed I'll do before this purpose fail.

*Exit, R.*

W.

## SCENE VI.

### A CORRIDOR IN THE PALACE.

*Enter MOLLIMOPSA, L. 1 R.*

*Molli.* Was ever maid in such a desperate case,  
As sure as can be, I shall lose my place.  
The bottle I was told to take such care of  
Is broken into bits—there's not a pair of.  
What shall I do? I certainly did stop  
To try if I could sip a little drop.  
But oh, the cruel spite of fortune see,  
The bottle had a drop instead of me.

*(shows neck of magic bottle.)*

If I knew where another could be bought—  
But there I'm sold—O Gemini! a thought!  
In the King's study I have surely seen  
One of this shape, and just this color'd green.  
What's in it, goodness knows—but something nice,  
No doubt, as it's the King's—so in a trice  
I'll fetch it, slip o'er its neck this label,  
And place it on my lady's dressing table.

*(Exit. D. R. 2 E.)*

*Enter KING, c. D.*

*King.* I tremble so, I know not what's come o'er me —  
[*starts.*] Is this a corkscrew that I see before me?  
The handle towards my hand—clutch thee I will;  
I have thee not—and yet I see thee still!

Art thou a hardware article? or, oh!  
 Simply a fancy article for show.  
 A corkscrew, of the mind—a false creation  
 Of crooked ways, a strong insinuation!  
 I see thee yet, as plain as e'er I saw  
 This patent one, which any cork can draw!

*(shewing patent corkscrew.)*

Thou marshal'st me the way that I should chuse  
 And such an instrument I was to use!  
 There's no such thin:; 'tis what I steal to do,  
 That on my fancy thus has put the screw.  
 I go and it is done, *[going R. D.]* confound it, there's  
 That stupid Mollimopsa on the strairs.

*Enter MOLLIMOPSA, R. D. cautiously. As she enters the KING  
 slips out unseen, R. D.*

*Molli.* Of my sad smash I've swept up every trace,  
 And put the other bottle in its place.  
 If I'm found out at last, I can but fling  
 Myself upon my knees before the King,  
 And to his Majesty thus say or sing:—


SONG.—MOLLIMOPSA. “Wapping Old Stairs.”

Your Molly has never once shown you her airs,  
 Since the last time you gave her a whopping, down stairs;  
 When you vow'd that she been for blabbing to blame,  
 And called her a chatterbox, or some such name.  
 Why at this little accident, now should you rail,  
 Tho' I did break the bottle, I ne'er told the tale,  
 Then forgive me, be kind, nor my place from me take,  
 And your floors still I'll scrub, and your beds still I'll make.  
 The Queen, I tremble to appear before her. —  
 And this way comes the Captive —

*Enter Guards, GRACEFUL, U. E. R., LUCIDORA, and Suite,  
 CHAMBERLAIN, L. I. E.*

*Grace,*

Lucidora!

*Luci.* Lead me, my virgins, lead me to that voice;   
 I am not married, and he is my choice!  
 Drag not this gentle gentleman to jail,  
 I'll find two housekeepers to be his bail,  
 I'm one one myself; a Queen! whose debts all paid are.

*Grace.* Hear this, ye Heavens! and wonder how you made her!

*Officer.* To bail he cannot be admitted.

*Luci.*

No.

Then I'll to prison with him.

*King. [within]*

Help, there, ho!

*(Exit Chamberlain, D.)*

making L. going C. returns

Q





*Luci.* What voice was that ?  
*Grace.* My Royal Master's, surely

[Re-enter CHAMBERLAIN, D. R.]

*Chamb.* Run for a doctor—the King is taken poorly.

(Exit Officer, L. I E. Chamberlain D. R.)

*Luci* The cramp has seized his conscience, I presume,  
 What business has he in my dressing room ?

Re-enter CHAMBERLAIN, D. R. with bottle.

*Chamb.* Oh ! horror ! horror ! Madam !

Enter Courtiers from different entrances.

*Luci.* Well. proceed.

*Chamb.* His Majesty is very ill indeed

(Two Courtiers exit

Drunk something, that has with him disagreed,  
 Out of this fatal bottle. [shows bottle.]

*Luci.* Hah, made free,  
 With my superior patent eau de vie,  
 But some one must have changed it, for look here,  
 'Tis thick as ditch water !

*Grace.* That's very clear !

*Luci.* Where could he find this composition muddy ?

Enter MINISTER, pale and agitated, I E. L.

*Minis.* The fly water is missing from the study !

*Grace.* The German fly water beyond a doubt.

[MOLLIMORSA comes forward and falls at LUCIDORA's feet.]

*Molli.* Oh, Madam, pardon me the murder's out,  
 I chanced the other bottle just to crack—

*Minis* Hah ! bind the traitress on the bottle rack—

*Luci.* Stay—'twas an accident—she didn't mean—

*Grace* Look the King comes his Courtiers borne between

(The KING is borne forward in an arm chair by the two Courtiers. (D R))

*Minis.* How fares your Majesty ?

*King.* Poison'd ! ill fare !

I loved a lady who had golden hair ;  
 And she has set my heart on fire—I burn !  
 Send for the engines—on the water turn !

*Minis.* Alas ! he raves.

*King:* More water—let me suck it  
 From every hose ! or I shall kick the bucket.  
 Go fetch the fire escape—ah no, I see !  
 'Tis locked up, and the sexton has the key ;  
 And he lives, heaven knows where, in some blind alley  
 And I must blaze, while you stand shilly shalley !  
 My roof is falling in—hark there's a shout—  
 There, there—stop playing—I am going out



*Luci.* As my friend George says, 'going, gone, gone!' [*Dies.*  
A heavy lot, so let it be withdrawn.

*Chamb* The King is dead, therefore, long live the King! *(They bear out King.)*  
*Minis.* Quite constitutional—but there's one thing

To be considered, he has left no heir  
To wield his sceptre, and to fill his chair.  
He died before he made this lady wife, too;  
And so we've got no King to cry long life to!

*Luci.* I am a Queen, in my own right, and so  
I'll marry Graceful, if he won't say no;  
And give him all the gold in my State coffer!  
*Grace.* Leap year or not, I jump ma'am, at the offer.

*why* *Fairy.* ~~Scene~~ *Scene changes. Three Fairies appear.*  
A very proper thing for both to do.

*Luci.* Mercy upon us, pray, sir, who are you? *Scandal.*  
*Fairy.* We are three fairies, lately fish and fowl; *Surprise.*  
I was a carp, my friend, here, was an owl:  
My other friend for some cause was a crow!  
All needed Graceful's aid, and had it so.  
We served him in return, and now in glory,  
Come here to terminate thy fairy story.

*Luci.* Your welcome, prithee make yourselves at home,  
Dear Graceful, now no further need we roam,  
But over both these Kingdoms we will reign  
Together.

*Grace.* Nay, to rule here we must gain  
Permission first the vacant throne to fill.  
Your voices Lords—I pray you let her will  
Have its free way—consent—don't pause about it,  
For here, you know we can't succeed without it.

FINALE.—“Wha'll be King but Charlie?”

Graceful.

Approve the Fair with Golden Hair,  
Of smiles be every face full,  
Confirm her choice  
With hand and voice,  
And make a king of Graceful.

*Lucy & Duke* Come all together,  
Whate'er the weather,  
And fill this merry place full;  
Nor cloud too soon  
The honeymoon  
Of Golden Locks and Graceful.

Chorus.

Come all together, &c.

THE END

*(King.)*

~~From~~  
Shout - Long live the King!

~~⊗~~ (W.) Change of Scene  
Fairy Garden











